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# In Memoriam.

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Chas. H. Woods

# CHARLES HENRY WOODS

## A MEMORIAL

MINNEAPOLIS
HALL, BLACK & CO.
1900

10833a

Born October 8, 1836

Died April 16, 1899

## CHARLES HENRY WOODS.

CHARLES HENRY WOODS was born October 8th, 1836, at Newport, New Hampshire. His first American ancestor settled at Sudbury, Mass., in 1638, and for a century and a half the family home was in that vicinity. In 1784 his grandfather removed to Fitzwilliam, N. H., where his father, John Woods, was born. John Woods was graduated at Williams College in 1812, and soon afterward entered the Congregational ministry. He was a man of marked individuality, and true—if austere—piety. His second pastorate was at Newport, N. H., where for nearly thirty years he ministered to a country parish, living, like most of his flock, upon a small farm. His son Charles was the youngest of ten children, and grew up in a household where hard work, economy and self-reliance were foundation stones on which strong character was builded. The mother, who is said to have been a woman of most sweet and gentle disposition, died while Charles was a small boy. The father afterward married Mrs. Joanna Stevens, who survived him many years, making her home with Judge Woods in Minneapolis, where she died in 1896, at the age of ninety-six.

When he was seventeen years old, Charles Woods entered Kimball Union Academy, at Meriden, N. H. There he studied three years, and formed friendships which ripened into some of the choicest associations of his maturer years. He began a course at his father's *alma mater*, but for lack of funds was compelled to leave college in his sophomore year. His father had marked him for the pulpit, but his own tastes and judgment led him to the bar. Like many another poor but ambitious New England youth, he resorted to school-teaching for means to pursue his professional studies. At Lowell, Mass., in the office of Tappan & Wentworth, he had his first taste of legal learning. After further study with Burke & Wait, in his native village, he was admitted to the bar in 1862.

At the threshold, not only of his chosen profession, but also of domestic happiness, he turned aside to the dangers and privations of field and camp. It was a dark period in the history of the civil war, and men did not enlist in the Union army to whom the voice of duty came with less than commanding power. On September 1st, 1862, the young lawyer responded to President Lincoln's call for additional volunteers, and was at once commissioned captain of Company F, 16th New Hampshire Infantry. On September 22nd, 1862, just before leaving for the front, he married Miss Carrie Cardell Rice, of Brookfield,

Vt. After nearly a year of the trying service in swamp and bayou which fell to the lot of the Department of the Gulf, he was prostrated with malarial fever and sent to hospital, rejoining his command shortly before its muster out. At the expiration of their term of service, in the fall of 1863, there remained to go back to their homes in the New Hampshire hills but thirty-seven of the ninety-eight young men who had gone out in Company F a year before.

Captain Woods spent the two years following his discharge in departmental work at Washington, D. C., and in North Carolina. While at Newbern, N. C., with characteristic devotion to duty, he remained at his post during an epidemic of yellow fever which in two months sent to their graves one-third of a white population of 4500 persons. At Newbern he made the acquaintance of David Heaton, of St. Anthony, one of the pioneers of Minnesota, an acquaintance which led to his settlement in Minneapolis in July, 1866.

His first professional association in Minnesota was with the firm of Cornell & Bradley. Afterward he was in the offices of Judge Isaac Atwater and the firm of Atwater & Flandrau. When the city of Minneapolis was incorporated, in 1867, he was elected to the office of City Justice, corresponding in dignity to the present office of Judge of the Municipal

Court. At the expiration of his term in 1869 he opened a law office at the corner of Washington and Hennepin Avenues, which he occupied for more than twenty-three years. In his long and successful practice he was at different times associated with E. A. Merrill, P. M. Babcock, W. J. Hahn, Joseph R. Kingman and Thomas F. Wallace, Jr. He was, for an American lawyer, singularly free from political ambition. After his term as City Justice he never held public office until 1894, when he was persuaded to accept an election to the Board of Park Commissioners of Minneapolis, of which body he remained an efficient member until his death.

Although he chose the less conspicuous paths of usefulness, Judge Woods did much for the social, educational and religious welfare of the community in which he lived. His church relations, in particular, made up so large a part of his life in Minneapolis that this sketch would be very incomplete with only a general reference to them. At once on coming to Minneapolis he became a regular attendant at Plymouth Congregational Church, which he joined on confession of faith, January 5th, 1873. This connection was from the outset an active one. Always ready to answer calls to special service in the church and the affiliated ecclesiastical society, he filled at different times the offices of trustee, secretary and president of the society, and deacon and prudential

committeeman in the church. For twenty years the records of the church show his name upon nearly all the pastoral and other important committees, and his work in the Sunday school was almost uninterrupted. His adult Bible class was long one of the special attractions of Plymouth church.

But the service by which he will be chiefly remembered in his beloved Plymouth, had for its object the elevation of the church music. In 1876 he was elected a member of the music committee, and excepting about five years following 1879, he was during the rest of his life officially connected with this branch of the church's interests. His musical taste was cultured and discriminating, and he cherished a high ideal of the place of music in public worship. To make the music, for all the congregation, a true means of worship, and to bring it to an excellence worthy its lofty functions, such was the end toward which he strove and inspired many others. To his perseverence, zeal, good judgment and generosity the Plymouth church of to-day is largely indebted for its magnificent organ and high musical standards; and the quiet help and encouragement which organist, choir and chorus have been accustomed to receive from him will never be forgotton by the grateful beneficiaries.

For several years before his death Judge Woods was in failing health. The illness which confined him to his home during the winter of 1898-'9 was, though

prostrating, not so painful as to prevent his keen enjoyment of those months of leisure in the society of wife and friends. In the spring he was better, and went south with Mrs. Woods, in the hope of more rapid recuperation. But this was not to be. He was soon taken suddenly worse, and died at Hot Springs, Va., April 16, 1899.

Funeral services were held at his home in Minneapolis, April 21, at which the following addresses were made by his pastor, Dr. Leavitt H Hallock, of Plymouth church, and by his friends, Pres. Cyrus Northrop and Pres. G. H. Bridgman.

DR. L. H. HALLOCK:

I am here to-day not to preach a sermon, but simply as a fellow-mourner for a very dearly loved friend, a mourner with you for a citizen of your city, a member of our church, as a man, a neighbor, a friend.

The thoughts I have to suggest may possibly be comforting, at least it may be to us who can do nothing to decorate a character which is itself pure. It may be a comfort to us to say and hear said these few things.

A life well lived on earth is Eternal life well begun! Character acquired here is capital in the continued life of the Future. And such capital is acquired, not so much by sentimental brooding over things to come

as by doing the deeds and being the men we ought to do and be here. Then, when translation comes, the Books of God will show credits; and the faith and life of the departing soul will win for him, in the gracious economy of God, a place of honor in the higher service unto which he is promoted. This being so, the knowledge that a man's life has been true and pure, that his character has been genuine and Christian, becomes of vast importance; for it is not only a pleasant retrospect, but it settles in our mind his present status in the new life which he has but just now entered.

Charles H. Woods: Born Oct. 8, 1836, in Newport, New Hampshire; died April 16, 1899, at Hot Springs, Virginia. Sunrise and sunset! Between these dates he lived his "nursery life", and upon the latter date entered by birth (we call it death) into the fullness of the Eternal Life beyond the Gates! It was a change of place only, not of character or of spirit. Geographically removed, but morally, as a man, he is what he was, thank God!

I cannot count him absent from this home to-day. I believe he is here, listening as we speak; therefore our words shall be modest, for he would love no fulsomeness of praise. But he knew as well as we know, that Judge Woods was a sincere, strong, genuine, honest, Christian gentleman; and that, not by accident, but because he planned to be all that, and steadily

wrought for it with the boundless energy and untiring conviction of a man who could not be swerved from his conception of duty, and whom no hope of emolument could even tempt.

He was a tolerant spirit, a seeker for truth; progressive, without prejudice, a student of great writers, an admirer of Brooks, and Beecher, and Bushnell, and Gladden; a thoughtful theologian, a painstaking scholar of Biblical literature, an advanced thinker, with wide and tolerant charity toward those who differed from him.

His Bible class in Plymouth church has become history, and was no small part of his valued work as a Christian student. Weighty in counsel, wise in judgment, wide-horizoned and far-sighted; decided, yet not controversial; in how many a crisis has his judgment prevailed, and his insight and tact promoted harmony!

Minneapolis has lost a valued citizen whose advice was often effective in public affairs, not least in her beautiful system of parks, in which Judge Woods took just pride. As Dr. Bushnell immortalized himself incidentally in founding and perpetuating a beautiful park in the city of Hartford, so Judge Woods' name will ever be associated with this system, of which he spoke with much enthusiasm only three weeks ago, saying: "I want two whole days with you this summer, to show you the park system of Minneapolis."

The Minneapolis bar has lost an honored member,

incorruptible, staunch and true for the right as he saw it; a promotor of righteousness and equity in every case entrusted to his care. From 1866 his law career in Minneapolis is an open book.

The G. A. R. has also lost a worthy comrade, whose honors were well earned as captain of company F, 16th New Hampshire infantry, a company which he himself raised and took to the front, serving in the department of the Gulf, and being present at the surrender of Port Hudson. He suffered with malarial fever, and, after honorable discharge, found his way to this city, where the balance of his life was spent.

Patriotic and public-spirited, he was keenly alive to good statesmanship. How he kindled as we talked of Lincoln! and how deep was his regard for the Loyal Legion, which has lost in him one of its most worthy and devoted companions.

But at Plymouth church — ah! there is sadness over there; for he was its most indispensable defender and tower of strength! In his sickness he longed for the sanctuary, and often said in substance, "My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord."

What individuals have lost; what irreparable sorrow has befallen this home on Tenth street, no words can tell. Enough to say, his life was as beautiful as it could be in this home — it was ideal; and the tender ministrations of love were never wanting here. What a privilege to have been able to spend a whole win-

ter with him in the rare seclusion and leisure of a comfortable illness! And then to try the last hopeful experiment possible, and finally close his eyes in the quiet of a distant spot — with only your two selves and God! And to say, "I opened not my mouth because Thou didst it."

> "Ah yes! these days of dreariness are sent us from above!
> They do not come in anger, but in faithfulness and love.
> They come to teach us lessons which bright ones could not yield,
> And to leave us blest and thankful when their purpose is fulfilled."

I can hear him say to you as he so often said, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, whence cometh mine help." The hills! The hills of God's Eternal Love and Light! He roams upon them now; and your eyes shall be lifted up unto them till you seem to see him there, and God himself round about him. The Hills! Help from the Hills!

And as the rills run down to the thirsty plain, so will his spirit be with you here even as he promised: with you alway.

Finally, this city, this society, this church, has lost a man universally respected, esteemed, beloved. A man of broad, sound judgment and of great heart. Incorruptible as the sunlight; unselfish; generous in appreciation of others, unwearied in bearing their burdens and carrying their cares. Because he lifted at so many others' loads and helped to bear the bur-

dens of so many other men and women, he is now thus prematurely freed from all burdens—for a kindly God has given him rest.

He did not seek rest: he was happiest when lifting; but few men have lifted so faithfully, so steadily and so tenderly as he.

Genial, witty, hospitable in the extreme; with an eye so kindly and a heart so sympathetic, and a grasp of the hand so cordial that we never entered without feeling that we were just the man he wanted most to see!

And in Plymouth church, I can truthfully say of him as was written of Joseph in Egypt, "Whatsoever they did there, he was the doer of it," never to the exclusion of others, but never to the saving of himself.

These are a few of many things which crowd for utterance at this tender memorial hour.

But there is here a man who knew him long and well, and whom Judge Woods loved as a brother—President Northrop.

Pres. Cyrus Northrop:

This is a service that I am most ready to perform, and, at the same time, a service which is exceedingly hard for me to render, because I can truly say, "My heart is in the coffin there," and I must pause till it come back to me.

Fifteen years ago I came to Minneapolis, and among the many acquaintances I made at that time was Charles H. Woods. Many of those whom I met continued to be among the number of my acquaintances, and many have drifted away, but the acquaintance with Judge Woods continued to ripen into friendship; it grew into intimacy; it was cemented by the best love of our hearts for each other, and when the word came that he was dead, it came to me as a message that one of the dearest friends I had on earth had gone home. Wherever it has been my privilege to go in this city, in social life, in public life, in everything pertaining to the highest and best things, I have almost always met Judge Woods. If there was a council to see how a weak church could be strengthened and saved, Judge Woods was there. If there was a consultation over any difficulty in a church, Judge Woods was there. If there was a meeting to devise any measure by which good could be promoted and the Kingdom of God could be built up in this city, Judge Woods was there. In the best society in the city, wherever I went, I have met him. And so the years have gone on, and they have impressed upon me more and more the extent to which this man's life permeated the city of Minneapolis, and when I think of the great influence which he exerted in the city, in reference to everything that pertained to what was highest and best, I am not at all surprised to-day

to see gathered, in this house, the men and women of the city who stand, in my eyes, for the things that are the noblest and the best. And they are here not merely in sympathy with the dear partner of Judge Woods, whom we all love as we did him, but they are here themselves as mourners.

There is no better blood on earth than the best blood of New England; and when I say the best blood of New England, I do not mean Boston, but I mean of New England—of those hard rocky country towns, where men have spent their lives in putting their impress on the souls of others. I mean the men and women of New England who always knew the distinction between right and wrong, and always tried to do what they thought was right. Judge Woods came of that noblest New England blood. In yonder library hangs the portrait of his father. It looks like him—earnest and pure and resolute and good; and yesterday, as I turned from the father and looked down upon the face of the son, the lineaments were not the same, but the character was the same, and in that placid face, that looked as if it might open its eyes upon me and speak a word of love or of kindness or of mirth, there was the same earnest, resolute determination to do what was right.

These occasions are becoming very frequent, and one after another of those dear to us are passing away, and those of us who are growing older are coming

to look with calm serenity at the transition before us, which is but as the passing away, from these scenes, beyond the veil into those other scenes.

It is a delightful thing to feel when a friend has passed away, that he is, not merely in the old theological sense, prepared to go on; not merely that, oh, no, no, no! he has done his work; he is ready to go because he has done his work, to the very last, as a manful, faithful, earnest Christian man. He has done his work, doing all that he possibly could for the advancement of that general good which may be summed up under the name of the Kingdom of God. How much better Minneapolis is, and how much stronger the religious influence of this city is, and how many people are happy in the help they have received in consequence of the life of this, our dear brother!

It is no time for me to extend these remarks. I cannot put into words the appreciation or the regard that I feel for this departed friend and brother. The beautiful tribute that has been paid him by his pastor is eminently just, and every word of it is deserved, as I knew the man. We both had our professions, but outside of our professions we talked about a great variety of subjects, and I never, in my intercourse with him, remember a single subject upon which we seriously differed. Our interests were the same. He liked to talk about the things I liked to talk about.

Companionship of that kind is delightful, and when it is suddenly cut off it is impossible for us not to feel broken down and smitten. And yet we shall go to him. Why, then, should we mourn? He is happier than he would be here, happier in the presence of the God whom he served—entering upon the duties for which he has long been preparing, and if it were not for the hearts that sorrow here, if it were not for the heart of the dear one whom he has left for a time, we might bless God with joy that he has gone home. But I know, and you know, that our hearts to-day join in asking that "the peace of God which passeth all understanding" may rest upon this dear wife, and that the Comforter that Jesus promised to send into the world may come to her, abide with her, bless her, and give her God's own peace.

Pres. G. H. Bridgman:

We are here to bury one of nature's noblemen. We have none of us known a better, truer man than Judge Woods. Nature built this man after a large pattern. It did not give him a large body, but it made up for that in the size of his head and in the size of his heart. He was a man of much more than ordinary abilities, a man with a large heart and broad and generous sympathies. A marked characteristic of this man was his sincerity, reality. He hated sham and

pretense and unreality of every sort, and was himself just exactly what he seemed to be. Another of his characteristics was thoroughness. He spared not himself, and whether in his profession or his Christian work, he was willing, always, to pay, in hard work, the price of success. It is doubtful whether there was any man in this city who was more thoroughly and constantly interested in the progress of the Kingdom of Christ, at home and abroad. I think I never knew a man who was more nearly the ideal Christian layman than was Judge Woods. In a case like this, death is not a calamity; it is a promotion. The faithful soldier has fought his last fight and has entered upon his reward, and he is to be congratulated.

Judge Woods was my friend. I loved him, and I have come to pay this tribute of respect to one of the grandest men I have ever known, and I am sure that in saying this I voice the sentiments of the many here.

## MEMORIAL SERVICES.

*Memorial services were held in Plymouth church, Sunday, April 23d. Many of the organizations with which Mr. Woods was associated were represented at this service, among them the Loyal Legion, Rawlins Post G. A. R., Board of Directors of the Young Men's Christian Association, the Board of Park Commissioners of the city of Minneapolis, and the Minneapolis Bar Association.*

*Dr. Hallock delivered the memorial sermon.*

### MEMORIAL SERMON.

PSA. 37: 37. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: For the latter end of that man is peace."

This psalm contrasts the apparent prosperity of the godless in this life, with the real prosperity of the righteous, whose lasting peace blossoms into final beauty when the good man dies.

The hour which is dark and hopeless to the man of the world; when shadows shut down around him, and when all he has loved and lived for must be left behind, is really the hour of the good man's victory.

The good man must die, as others die: he also can carry nothing away with him of all that he has

earned or won: but there is a difference; if money, or office, or fame be the bulk of a man's fortune, he leaves it all at death, and goes naked out of life, as poor as when he entered it. Whatever belongs to this world only, he leaves. Hold! one thing he carries with him, alas! the stain of wasted opportunities.

But the good man: by which I mean the Man of God, in whatever profession, has his capital *in himself*, inseparable from his own existence, and when he goes it goes, and where he goes, it goes; his crown of glory is no external wreath of beaten gold: it is himself that shines with spotless lustre, upon which death even can rest no shadow.

To a man whose horizon is bounded by this world, death is the gloomiest of all events.

To a righteous man, who fears God and keeps his commandments, death is his most beautiful promotion!

It is coming: coming to us all, and on the hither side of a century already well along!

What is death going to bring unto you? "Come in ye blessed of the Lord: inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me." A crown of life? A chapter of eternal peace?

Or, "I never knew you: Depart! For I was an hungered and ye gave me no meat: sick and in prison and ye visited me not?"

It is not any "Shibboleth" that you may learn to say in that dread hour, which will give you peace!

It is not the administration of extreme unction to the parting soul, which opens heaven's gate!

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: For the end of that man is peace."

It *is* peace: not he has it: not he shall be given peace: the end *is* peace: that is itself the soul's inevitable and essential condition. Alone? Far from home? In the trenches, wounded? On battleship transfixed, no matter! the end of that man is peace.

Take note of this, my brother, whoever thou art: "The latter end of the wicked shall be cut off:" "but the salvation of the righteous is of the Lord: He is their stronghold in the time of trouble."

Death is not a terror to the righteous: it has a pang of parting from dear ones, and may be a physical twinge of pain, but it is an opening door into the blessed beyond: a blossoming: a coronation.

Isn't it worth while to make sure of this?

Isn't it worth YOUR while to extract the sting from death while you may, and make the passage through the tomb a triumphal march?

Think it over, and see what your good judgment decides: and BE A MAN in your forecast, and by living, prepare for dying!

The fortunes of a millionaire could not buy the encomiums which have sprung spontaneously from loving lips concerning Judge Woods these past few days! They are beyond price and it was not any-

thing which he said at the last: it was the life he lived among us for three and thirty years which won those encomiums from all sorts of men, without a single discordant note.

Talk of ambitions, my fellow-citizens; can you dream of a higher ambition within the reach of any man, than to win such unanimous utterance concerning your life when it is done!

It is GREAT! Covet it! But you'll win it, if at all, by no song in the night, by no sudden spasm of righteousness.

If you want your last end to be like his, you will have to live the righteous life he lived, for it is only such lives that end in such death!

But it is Charles H. Woods who is to preach to us to-day, and not I. His life is the sermon to which we all pay earnest heed at this hour. Let that life now speak.

Born October 8th, 1836; a native of Newport, New Hampshire; he died April 16th, 1899. These dates mark his sunrise and his sunset; between them he achieved his glorious immortality, and finished his earthly life. On the latter date he was born, by the event which we call death, into the fullness of life beyond the gates. A change of place only, not of character. He *is* what he was, thank God! Death cannot change the heart's color, nor lay any shadow athwart the soul whom Christ has cleansed!

In Plymouth church, which he loved as he loved his God, and unto which he gave himself without reserve for nearly thirty years of loving, self-denying service, there is a sense of loss but faintly hinted in the hush of this hour, and the decorated lonesomeness of his pew. An irreparable loss has befallen us here.

But, on the other hand, the green of the palms of peace, the purity of the lilies, express our faith in his resurrection, and in the ever green memories which will always linger in Plymouth church about the name of our honored friend and brother, Charles H. Woods.

Judge Woods' Bible class was an institution of long standing here, marked by wisdom, thoroughness of scholarship, breadth of horizon, and large attendance, often numbering a hundred or more. He relinquished it reluctantly, only with failing health.

In the position of counsellor and adviser; as chairman of the musical department for many years; as member of the Prudential committee; supporter of the prayer meeting and public worship; on Pastoral committee from time to time, and in all emergencies, he was a valued, wise and weighty counsellor, whose mature judgment and tactful wisdom often engendered harmony when harmony seemed remote.

In fact I have quoted the words spoken concerning Joseph in Egypt as applicable to Judge Woods in Plymouth: "Whatsoever they did there, he was the doer of it;" so universally interested and active was

he, with all others, in the progress and promotion of the kingdom of God in Plymouth church and the regions beyond.

There are many who would be missed from Plymouth church, but surely not another man more than he, for none had the church more bodily in his heart of hearts than Judge Woods. He was especially interested in every new phase of its down-town work, and in all aggressive movements toward a larger efficiency and adaptation to the hour.

Other churches than Plymouth also were blessed by his unerring judgment in times of difficulty, and the congregational councils of the nation have reckoned him among their honored delegates. The only International Council of our order ever held, viz.: in London, 1891, counted Judge Woods as a member, and it was on the long and beautiful mid-summer days in mid-Atlantic, en route to Liverpool, that I first knew and loved this noble spirit. Since then I have been proud to count him my friend.

There is sadness here to-day, both in pulpit and pew, for he was a tower of strength and an unfailing and loyal defender of the truth as he saw it.

The Y. M. C. A. elected him a director, which office he held at the time of his death, and once made him president, the duties of which failing health forbade him to accept. In their resolutions, the board recalls with pleasant reflections the faithful and earnest de-

votion that led our brother to work for the upbuilding of the young men of our city. He was ever ready and willing to contribute liberally of his time, his talents and his means to assist young men in their physical, intellectual and spiritual betterment. It is with heartfelt sorrow that we mourn the loss of our brother, whose wise counsels were always given for the highest interests of our association. His love for this chosen work, his steadfast desire to lighten the burdens of others, his prompt assistance in times of urgent need, have ever been a source of encouragement to all who have been privileged to work by his side.

While his real life was in the church, and his constant joy was to be found in the house and service of the Lord his God, Judge Woods was eminently also a man of the best society; honored at the bar, in the city, and in every place where patriotic and public-spirited citizens assembled for vigorous service.

The Minneapolis Bar Association testifies by its presence here, and by its formal resolutions, its high regard for a member incorruptible, staunch and true; who could not be swerved from his convictions of duty, and whom no possible prospect of gain could even tempt to stoop to the slightest dishonor. Such a man lifts the average of moral quality, and his exit lays responsibility upon those who remain to uphold the high standard of integrity which constitutes legal nobility.

In the Board of Park Commissioners Judge Woods was eminent, and his name will long be associated with these beautiful decorations of our city, of which he was justly proud.

But Charles H. Woods was not limited by any narrow horizon. His city and his church he deeply loved, and loved to serve; but not less was he a lover of statesmanship and of the nation. Patriotic and public spirited, when his country called, in the time of her keenest trial, be responded with a company of infantry, Co. F, 16th New Hampshire, and took them to the gulf. Having done honored service as captain, and received honorable discharge, he made his way to this city of his choice, and here spent thirty-three years of active, aggressive life.

How he kindled as he talked of Lincoln! How he loved to meet with the "boys" of the Rawlins post! How deeply he regretted his inability to be present at the last annual banquet of the Loyal Legion, and listened to every word of report from the same with keenest interest! He loved these men and these scenes, with a genuine interest born of service and of sacrifice. It was no empty honor in his sight, but a glory indeed to be linked with heroes in the nation's conflict.

He hated war, for he knew its cost; but when, a year ago, war was declared, there was but one course open, he believed, and that course was loyalty to the president and to the country's flag.

The solemn presence of these various organizations, and your beautiful gifts, bear witness to your love beyond words to express.

And now, in general, this tribute would be incomplete if I did not say that this city, and society, the church and the community, have lost a man of unblemished reputation, of untarnished character, respected, esteemed, beloved.

With large brain and larger heart; generous, unselfish; tolerant of others who differed; an admirer of great minds; an earnest lover of great and good men; a seeker after the truth — fearless, frank, kindly, he bore the burdens of many, and now bears none, for God has given him rest.

Judge Woods was a genial man; with a keen sense of humor, hospitable, sympathetic, with so honest a grasp of the hand that its very warmth and firmness made a man want to do better.

A beautiful, ideal home-life was his; and the quiet winter of weakness was not a winter of discontent, but of growth and of peace.

He loved Phillips Brooks, and often spoke to me of some great sermon of his.

He loved Beecher, and showed me a manuscript sermon which the great preacher had presented him with his own hand.

He loved Lincoln, and cherished his words written on the death of a mother's four sons in the war, as

an admirable construction of sentences, an art in which he himself excelled.

I have called him great, as men go; great minds are keenest to discriminate like traits in others.

He was never commonplace; his talks with me, a stranger in your city, about its men and measures, its perils and possibilities, were an inspiration.

We have lost a good man, a true friend. Let there be no rivalry of sorrow, for it is unanimous. And let there be no unillumined sorrow, for "The end of that man was peace." It could not be otherwise; he loved God; was at one with him long years ago; and a sincere, strong, genuine Christian gentleman, living for God and mankind, a friend of Christ, when suddenly the thread of his life is cut, merely steps across the threshold from porch to temple, and is at home! Flitted away, but quickly at rest.

Fellow citizens, that life and its ending is the mightiest sermon ever preached in Plymouth church. Hear it; heed it! You will hear none more eloquent for virtue and for righteousness.

## PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

*At a meeting of Plymouth church, held on Sunday, April 30th, 1899, the following minute was unanimously adopted and ordered spread on the records of the church:*

CHARLES H. WOODS joined Plymouth church on confession of faith, January 5th, 1873; kept the faith; finished the course and received the crown April 16th, 1899.

It has pleased the Heavenly Father to take to Himself our dear and honored brother. We, whose high privilege it has been to share with him the fellowship of Plymouth church, while we may not hope to adequately voice our estimate of his character and life among us, nevertheless desire, for a comfort to our own hearts and for an inspiration to those who shall come after us, to place on record this loving tribute to his memory. To others, the grateful task of recounting his worth as a soldier and comrade in patriotic orders, lawyer and man of affairs, citizen and public official; it is ours to say how we knew him in the relation that he himself deemed holiest, outside the sanctities of his home.

Joining Plymouth church in his early prime, he was in its membership more than twenty-six years. His

rare traits of mind and heart soon marked him for conspicuous usefulness in church and parish. For a quarter of a century every interest of Plymouth church has been debtor to his self-forgetting loyalty. His faithful attendance upon the preaching and social services; his persevering and discriminating efforts to lift our music into worship; his wisdom and generosity in matters of finance; his breadth of view, his candor and his tact as a teacher of the Bible; his foresight and sound judgment in the councils of the Prudential committee: his unnumbered quiet deeds of kindness to his brethren; and, best of all, his strong, sweet daily life of cheerfulness and faith and love; these are what we think of when we speak his name.

Sad indeed as we contemplate our loss, sympathizing too deeply for words to tell with her whose loss is so much greater than our own, yet rejoicing in the assurance of the glorious inheritance into which our brother has now come, we thank God for him, and pray that the example of his noble character may abide in our hearts. May the church he loved so well and served so faithfully find in each of us, according to the measure of our abilities, devotion as filial and as tender as was his these many years. In no way can we so fitly honor him as by following more nearly the Master whom he followed and who made him what he was.

What he was he is, and ever more and better. The

powers and graces of his life here are his equipment for the new and deathless life beyond. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; for their works follow with them."

## HENNEPIN COUNTY BAR ASSOCIATION.

*At a meeting of the Hennepin County Bar Association, held at the District Court House, on May 1, 1899, the following minute was presented to the court and spread upon its records. Remarks were made by the members of the bar present.*

### IN MEMORIAM.

Our well beloved brother, Charles H. Woods, has gone over to the Immortals, sure of welcome there, fit to live forever.

By what worthy eulogy, by what praise, by what portrayal, are we survivors competent to do him honor, or justice?

He was high-minded, liberal-minded, philosophical; learned, not in law alone like so many lawyers, but also in history, in science, in literature, and in art; well-balanced, serene, judicial; of uncommon common-sense; a clear reader of character and motive; slow to criticise persons, while graphically apt in terse character-painting; judging very righteous judgment upon occasion, without bitterness or a needless word, even in decisive condemnation. He was mellow and sweet as choicest fruit; tender as a young mother;

generous in self-giving no less than in money-giving; never self-serving to the detriment of another; first hospitable and helpful friend to many a stranger, yet evermore kind to each old associate.

As a lawyer, he was also thoughtful, studious, thorough, judicious, strong; a wise counselor rather than an eager combatant; a peacemaker, happier in preventing than in conducting litigation; the devoted friend and trusty reliance of clients, greatly more than their employe as for his own profit; in his relations with professional brethren, gentle, unassuming, considerate; pleased to praise, to befriend, to advance; never to belittle, to depress, or to defeat his brother.

To us now, as to him, his professional standing and achievements are of moment only as opportunity and influences formative of his completed character.

No consideration of Charles H. Woods as man or lawyer would be complete without reference to his religion. It was not a creed; it was not a profession; it was not a uniform; it was not a business card. No evil one dare apply to him the satanic insinuation, "Doth Job serve God for naught?"

Charles H. Woods' religion was his principal business; actuating, pervading, characterizing all his other business. It never let up, it never let down. It was the warp and woof of his whole texture, the vital force of his being. His delight was in the law of the Lord, and in his law did he meditate day and night.

It was his pleasure to look upon earthly life as a school-time — training-time and opportunity for diligent and healthful development of all the natural endowment into fullest qualification for stronger activity, larger responsibility, more noble service, more satisfying happiness, in untrammeled eternal life, beginning for each one whenever his school lets out.

If to be good is to be great; if attainment of great goodness is, in the Divine Plan and desire for men, and in the Divine Judgment of man the truest greatness, the greatest success of a human life, our brother Woods was great and greatly successful. His goodness was never austere, never severe, never repulsive, always genial, winning, delightful, cheering, helpful.

Have we known another whose living better fulfilled the late Old Testament requirement, "To do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God"?

Have we known another whose life, passed in review, warrants perfect title to greater number of the blessings proclaimed from the Mount of the Beatitudes?

In what other man have we more perfectly recognized the divineness and the habit of that love, which "suffereth long and is kind"; which "envieth not"; which "vaunteth not itself"; which "is not puffed up"; which "doth not behave itself unseemly"; which "seeketh not its own"; which is not easily provoked"; which "thinketh no evil"; which "never faileth"?

May this slight testimonial be entered upon the records of our District Court, and appropriately communicated to her who is most bereaved.

W. J. HAHN,
M. B. KOON,
J. B. GILFILLAN,
HENRY G. HICKS,
ROBERT D. RUSSELL,
AUSTIN H. YOUNG,
W. H. NORRIS,
W. E. HALE,
P. M. BABCOCK,
ARTHUR M. KEITH,

*Committee of Hennepin County Bar Association.*

WILLIAM J. HAHN, Esq.:

Humanity has not progressed far enough, onward and upward, to permit us to pass unnoticed the death of a lawyer so able, so honorable, so courteous; of a citizen so patriotic, so pure, so conscientious; of a man so unselfish, so loving, so highminded; of a friend and companion so true, so devoted, so helpful, as that of our deceased brother. In this rushing, grasping, sordid age of materialism in which we live, it is refreshing and inspiring to contemplate the life and character of one whose gaze was fixed on higher things than the acquirement of worldly possessions; whose ear was open to more harmonious sounds and nobler strains than the din and turmoil of selfish

achievements; whose voice was heard in gentler tones and sweeter accents than the fierce cry of personal victory; whose heart throbbed with warmer impulses and more embracing motives than earthly gain or kindred ties; whose mien was more loving and humble than earth-born ambition's impress; whose grasp was more cordial and tender than the touch of self-centered affections.

I knew Judge Woods intimately as a lawyer and as a man. He was my friend; in all my life, outside my own immediate family, there was but one other man so close to me, so dear to me, as he. When unutterable sorrows came to others, and the "Heavens were made brass over their heads and the earth iron under their feet", his strong, compassionate hands were stretched out to bear them up, and his sympathetic eyes sought to inspire in them a hope well-nigh gone. He had that choice faculty so beautifully portrayed by Victor Hugo in the Bishop of D., who, it was said, could sit for hours by one who had lost a dear friend without saying a word.

He was a man of rare gifts, genial, mirthful, entertaining; and yet so self-contained, reticent and quiet. Thoroughly read in all the best literature, well equipped mentally and morally for great things, self-poised and fearless when duty called and occasion demanded, and yet so modest, retiring and shrinking from public parade and vulgar praise; loving, tender, helpful to

many, thoughtful of others and thinking little of self, and yet so firm for the right, persistent in duty, unyielding in principle, untiring in culture, mentally, religiously, so that he might have exclaimed with Paul: "I count not myself to have apprehended; but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

An attempted consideration of Mr. Woods' personality without reference to his religion would be incomplete. He was pre-eminently a religious man. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." One's belief necessarily has a marked influence upon his character. What he truly and sincerely believes, that he does, and doing is being. The Puritan can only be understood and appreciated in the full light of his stern but lofty creed. High ideals, elevated aspirations, superior contemplations, sublime hopes, must of necessity exert a potent influence on the individual, however thoroughly nature may have equipped him with all noble and manly qualities. Few men enter life more fully endowed in this regard than our deceased friend; and yet I think, in part at least, he was what he was because of what he believed, of what he aimed to be. What higher standard could one set before him than the Perfect Man? What more exalted desire than to possess the virtues inculcated in

His teachings? What grander anticipation than that death will be but the entrance to a fuller and more complete life? It was on this high ideal that Judge Woods fixed his look. It was to this attainment that he devoted his effort. It was this hope that inspired his life. He had all the child-like faith and trust of Whittier, and could say with him—

> "I know not where His islands lift
> Their fronded palms in air.
> I only know I cannot drift
> Beyond His love and care."

As a lawyer he was thoughtful, discriminating, logical, terse and clear in thought and statement, able in argument, safe in counsel, helpful to court and jury, courteous, manly and sincerely kind to opposing counsel, never forgetting in the heat and stress of conflict his manhood or christian duty. He deserved, and by the court and his brethren at the bar who know him best, was accorded a position in the front ranks of his profession. He disliked and shrank from the heated contest in the forum. It was in his office, by wise counsel and helpful, peace-inspiring aid, he loved best to work.

If the statement of the great Roman orator, that "No one has lived a short life who has performed its duties with unblemished character" be true, then indeed may we sincerely say of Charles H. Woods, he lived to a ripe old age.

If it be a verity that "Not wealth nor ancestry, but honorable conduct and a noble disposition make men great," then is our deceased friend entitled to the honors and esteem which belong and are accorded to the distinguished and eminent dead.

A good life lived, a noble character attained, should and does leave its impress upon the lives of others for years beyond our ken. Our friend lived such a life, attained such a character; and we are here to-day, not to honor him—he has achieved his reward—but to honor ourselves by acknowledging our realization and appreciation of that life and character.

> "We'll hide his loving memory in our hearts;
> We'll follow in the pathway that he trod;
> We'll make each day another step upon
> The stairway leading up to him and God."

JUDGE A. H. YOUNG:

There was in the life and character of our friend an evenness which contributed in large measure to the success which he achieved, and the high position which as a citizen he attained. The uniformity of his step as from a moderate beginning, he marched to the front in his profession as a lawyer, to an honored position as a public citizen, and to a high place in Christian service, is worthy of note. Whether from any deliberate plan of life I know not, but he seemed to have a goal upon which his attention

was fixed, an object toward which his face was set, and to reach that was the purpose of his daily life. He never made any rapid strides; but step by step, as the days and years of his life rolled on, he marched steadily toward the object upon which he had set his eyes; he turned neither to the right hand nor to the left; he did not face about and retrace his steps, nor yet halt in the steady pace upon which he had entered; but always onward, ever upward. I I never knew a life more uniform, more even, more consistent, than was his.

I first knew Mr. Woods 33 years ago, when he came to Minneapolis to enter upon the more prominent work of life. He was then a young man about 30 years of age, modest and quiet, and yet thoroughly confident in his footing. His severe army experience had developed persistency, a natural quality of his character, and made most positive a determination to win success. A stranger in a strange land, he did not ask for favor; he knew what he wanted, and understanding full well the way to secure the object of his desire, he reached for it and took it; not selfishly or obtrusively, but through a firm, deliberate adherence to the watchword of his life,—forward! With a worthy ambition which stimulates men to press to the front and command esteem and respect on merit, he took up his life work in this city and by faithful service won the

confidence of the bench and bar, and took a high place in the profession. Neither at the bar nor in social life did he play for applause. He simply recognized the fact that he had been given a work to do, and his aim was to do that work well, and accept the reward which ever attends faithful service. With him business and business success was not the whole of life; he possessed social qualities of rare merit. Esteem followed acquaintance, and there gathered around this man a company of friends, the warmth of whose love is evidenced by the high encomiums paid to his memory. Every worthy quality of his character was made active for the good of his fellows. He was a Christian gentleman in the truest sense of that term. He walked in the light to such extent that his life became luminous, and what he received he gave forth, a light to the pathway along which he trod.

While I knew him as a lawyer and as a public citizen I knew him better as a personal friend and as a Christian worker. His ministrations and those of his faithful wife brought cheer and gladness into homes where sickness and sorrow had found place, and his words of welcome in the service upon which he has entered will surely be—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

How often do we watch the autumn sun as it

slowly sinks behind the western horizon until finally it is lost to sight; but the golden rays that reach far up the sky show that it still retains all its glory and power, and sends back these beams of light,—a fond adieu to the fading day,—betokening morning farther on; and we have watched the life of our departed friend as in its autumnal days it has moved on toward the horizon which divides the dwelling place of his years from the permanent home to which he has gone; and like the evening sun he has passed from our sight; but in the life he has lived, in his manly character and Christian virtues, are to be seen rays no less beautiful than the golden gleams of sunset, and which assure us that the light of his life has not faded or waned. As the evening of life closed in, the morning of another day opened up, a day where no sunset ever comes. And these tracings along the way he has trod are the reflections of a faithful life, and point the way he has gone.

The veterans at this bar are one by one transferring their membership to another jurisdiction, and it is given to those who remain behind to close up the ranks, and place upon the tablet which each has builded for himself an inscription appropriate and true. The portrait of each may not be placed upon the walls of this room, a daily reminder to the younger members coming to the front of those who

have been honored upon this bench, or held high place at this bar, in years that are past, but we may in fitting words place upon the records of this court such tribute of regard as each by his life and service has merited. And to-day, in memory of our departed friend and associate, we make, by our words and by our memorial, a record of which any lawyer may well be glad.

JUDGE ELL TORRANCE:

The portraits which adorn the walls of this room are sadly significant, and furnish conclusive evidence of the rapid and great changes which are taking place among us.

Within the past two years, Judges Vanderburgh, Shaw and Smith have passed away, and with them many others, less distinguished, perhaps, but highly esteemed and valued members of this bar.

To-day we again meet to pay our last tribute of repect to one who for more than one-third of a century was a practitioner at this Court—one who was a cotemporary with Cornell, Bradley, Lawrence, Secombe, Wilson, McNair, and others who laid the foundation of jurisprudence in this state.

The career of Judge Woods as a lawyer antedates the memory of most of us here present this morning, but *tradition* as well as our own lips speak his unqualified praise.

My only regret is that all the members of the bar did not know him well, and especially the younger members, for he possessed in an unusual degree the attributes of a truly great man, although he never attempted or accomplished what men commonly call great things. His greatness consisted in his genuine goodness and simplicity of character; his just treatment of his fellowmen and his honorable, useful, helpful and wholesome life. No act of dishonor, no betrayal of trust, no selfish or sordid ambition marked or marred his long life among us from beginning to close. He was an ornament to the profession of his choice and gave dignity and character to the bar of which he was a member.

He was a good lawyer, a safe counselor, and a successful practitioner, but his natural modesty caused him to shun rather than to seek popularity; and he preferred that others should enjoy the honors while he was content to do the work. He would have made an ideal judge, and should have been on the bench long years ago. That was his rightful place, for he possessed in an unusual degree the qualifications essential to that office. He had a judicial mind and temperament. He was just, fearless, conservative, upright, industrious, thoroughly honest, and endowed with good common sense. But it was not accorded to him to fill this high office, or any office of great distinction, or to erect a lasting

memorial of things material by which his name should be perpetuated; but better far his daily walk and conversation and upright life like the gentle rain and the mellow sunshine silently passed into the social and moral fabric of the community in which he so long lived, and will give strength and beauty to it for all time to come. For—

> "Only the actions of the just
> Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

GEO. R. ROBINSON, ESQ.

It was a privilege which I esteemed during the life of our brother, to be a neighbor of his for many years. I knew him, as Judge Young has said, for thirty-three years, and immediately upon his advent into this community. I know that no word of mine could fully express the esteem and regard in which I held Judge Woods. Daily in our intercourse during the first years of my acquaintance with him we were accustomed to walk down the street together, to our offices. He lived just beyond me on Tenth Street, and as stated by our brother, Judge Young, I never knew a man so uniformly kind, clever, dispassionate and just in my life. We honor ourselves in paying a tribute to our deceased brother, that we as lawyers can appreciate—to the noble character and life. He has set an example that might worth-

ily be followed by any of us, and I doubt not he has received his reward.

Frank M. Nye, Esq.:

I had no thought of offering a word. I almost dropped in here accidentally. And yet I feel prompted to say a single word. I had not the pleasure of an intimate acquaintance with Judge Woods; but we can taste the atmosphere of good souls without an introduction. There is something by which we intuitively breathe the candor and deep sincerity and the profound philosophy of an ingenuous mind. And thus I always felt when I took the hand of Judge Woods, or met him either in court or out. It has occurred to me, my brothers, this morning, that lawyers are always anxious to make a good point; but one of the most lasting points that our profession or this bar ever makes is when we gather on occasions of this kind in loving memory to say a kind word of the best, the sweetest and noblest characters of our bar. I always felt from the first, when I saw Judge Woods, that he had outgrown the miserable aims that end in self; that his was a broad, unselfish, fraternal philosophy; that his was a life which was deeper, grander, better than the mere brilliancy of the bar, better and more enduring than all else. And I feel moved to say this morning,

that it is a profound belief of mine that nothing good shall ever perish; every kind and generous word, every high and unselfish impulse, shall live. He who places his arm under the sick and distressed and lifts them back to life and love is greater than the mightiest of mere lawyers. A man may be learned in the technicalities of the law; a man may know many cases and many precedents; but he who gives out an atmosphere of fraternity to his fellow men, whose walk and life is just, and who loves mercy, as has been well said this morning, towers above all the others. I cheerfully place my humble tribute upon the grave of the man who taught us that there is something above the noise and clamor of the court rooms, something grander and greater than the mere clash and contact of the bar. The lessons which we learn here are the best of life. It has been said that the ranks are growing thin. Thirteen years ago this month I came into this beautiful city a stranger, with no friends, no money. I have watched the wondrous shifting changes of bench and bar. I well remember the members of the bar who on that first day gave me the hand of welcome, the men who were cheerful, open, hospitable; and of these I place Judge Woods among the first. It was not my pleasure after that time to know him with any degree of intimacy; but when I met him I always felt that I had in him a friend; and when I

say friend, I mean not the mockery which is commonly called friendship. Thoreau has justly said that when we say ordinarily that a man is our friend, we simply mean that he is not our enemy. That is about all the word means in the practical, every-day life of us all. But there is a friendship which we may conceive and find to be deeper, sweeter, and more permanent than this, and which animates every great, loyal, true and noble character.

Judge R. D. Russell:

I do not rise to attempt a review of the life of Judge Woods. That is better done by those who have known him longer than I. But I have known him for a number of years and I want to pay my personal tribute to him. He was the first friend—almost the first acquaintance—and the first man in Minneapolis, that I felt was my friend here. I met him when I first came here sixteen years ago, and have felt as much honored by his friendship ever since as by that of any other man I knew or know now. Not because he made a great show in the community, but because of his personal contact with my life. Many of us here, as I look about, have felt—and there are many others outside who are not here, who have had the same feeling—that he was thoughtful of others. He obeyed the second part of the great command-

ment, and loved others as himself. The other day when I went with him to the cemetery, George A. Brackett said to me, scarcely able to restrain his tears: "There never was such another man. In my sorrow no man touched me as he did." I believe that is the testimony of all who have felt it. Another testimony I want to quote, and that was from Judge Dickinson, who has known Judge Woods from his boyhood. They were playmates together in New England. They were in the war, although one was in the army and the other in the navy. He said to me: "He is the one man I ever knew who, it seemed to me, could look back on his life from beginning to end, and not care to change a day of it." It seemed to me that was true. Wherever he was, in the beginning as a boy, in his school life, his army life, his life here among us, we certainly cannot see where he could change it. Perhaps many of us have tried diligently to lead proper lives, but I cannot recall a man who has succeeded as well as he in living a right life.

WILLARD R. CRAY, ESQ.:

Aside from him whose death we were called upon but a few short months ago to mourn, my acquaintance with Judge Woods began as early as with any other. That acquaintance ripened into intimacy and friend-

ship; and I feel to-day that this bar has lost not only one of its older, but one of its most respected and honored members. Judge Woods' life was known to us all. It was a pleasure to meet him in a professional or social or any way; and his smile, his remark, in whatever relation you might come in contact with Judge Charles H. Woods, was as a benediction. It so happened that not only as a member of the profession, but in other ways, ever since my student life in the profession in this city, it was often my good fortune to be thrown with Judge Woods. All of us know his valuable suggestions in trusteeships and in counsel in many ways. But he had—and I want to emphasize that point in his character,—in an unusual degree the gift of discerning what was fair and just, what was right and what was wrong, what was elevating and what was on the other hand. At the same time that he was generous, unselfish, helpful, he was wise in counsel, a good lawyer, a steadfast friend, one to whom all might look for an example. Judge Woods' gift of discernment made him unusually acceptable in all positions where he was chosen as a counselor, whether in the dry details of litigation, in social intercourse, or I doubt not, among his army friends, he had that faculty of separating what was the point to be arrived at; and he did it in such a jovial, pleasant way that we never shall forget it. Judge Woods' remarks upon any

proposition were always looked upon with respect. His memory will be cherished not only by those who have been thrown intimately in contact with him, but by every member of this bar. And, as has been well said, in honoring his memory we do more honor to ourselves.

JUDGE C. B. ELLIOTT:

Each member of this Court, I know, is in entire sympathy with what has been said by the speakers present and the resolutions of the committee. I know of no method by which that respect can be shown to the memory of a man like Mr. Woods more fittingly than by ordering the resolutions of that committee made a part of the permanent records of this Court. It is so ordered. The resolutions will be spread upon the record, and a copy transmitted to the family of the deceased.

## MILITARY ORDER,
## LOYAL LEGION, UNITED STATES.

HEADQUARTERS
COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF MINNESOTA.

Charles Henry Woods was born at Newport, N. H., October 8, 1836, and died at Hot Springs, Va., April 16, 1899, His academic education was acquired at Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, N. H., and at Williams College. He early devoted himself to the study of the law, and was admitted to the bar at Newport in 1862. Responding to the call for additional volunteers in that year, he enlisted as a private in the 16th New Hampshire Infantry, U. S. V., was promoted to captain in that regiment, October 23, 1862, and was honorably discharged August 20, 1863, on expiration of term of enlistment. He served in the Department of the Gulf, General Emery's division; in camp at Carrollton, near New Orleans; on reconnoisance in the rear of Port Hudson, and in the siege and occupation of that stronghold, till August, 1863.

Just before leaving for the front he was married to Miss Carrie C. Rice, of Brookfield, Vt., who survives him.

In 1866 Captain Woods removed from New Hampshire to Minneapolis, Minn., where he resided, engaged

in the active practice of his profession of the law, until his death, a period of nearly thirty-three years. He was elected a Companion in the Loyal Legion, of the first class, December 7, 1887, in the Commandery of Minnesota, and afterwards filled the positions of its Registrar and Junior Vice Commander.

This bare recital of some prominent events in the life of our deceased companion in no degree represents or measures the fullness, usefulness, symmetry, and beauty of a life which touched and affected other lives at many points and in many relations. It was always a life of broad, real, positive beneficence and usefulness: always elevated and noble, and always elevating, inspiring, helping, and cheering the lives of others — not of a few, but of many. It was always devoted — and to him devotion was real, not formal — to the accomplishment of the highest and best ends, not in any one direction, but in many. He rightly estimated his duty to God, to his fellows, and to himself, and he lived up to that estimate. His character was earnest, true, honest, positive, yet unassuming, and rarely beautiful in all the complex relations of human life — in its unaustere, cheerful, Christian piety, in devotion to his country in her hour of need, in domestic and social spheres, and in his professional life work.

Endowed with natural abilities of a high order, enriched by education and self-culture, of sound, wise

discretion and purest purposes, he performed well the varied duties devolving upon him during an active life of a third of a century in the busy city with whose life his own was closely blended. In him were found most happily combined serious, earnest views of life's purposes, and an abundant cheerfulness and humor which made his companionship always delightful, and "cast a rose tint o'er all life's russet cares."

He was an illustrious example of the class of citizen-soldiers who left the pursuits of peace to enter the ranks of their country's army in the time of her need, who served her with fidelity and ability in war, and who with the advent of peace resumed the life of peace, better citizens and better qualified for the duties of peaceful citizenship than before the war had interrupted for a time the exercise of those duties.

In his death the state has lost one of its best and most useful citizens, the Loyal Legion one of its most delightful and respected companions, and very many have lost a dear friend.

To the bereaved wife and kindred we tender the heartfelt sympathy of his surviving companions.

D. A. Dickinson,
James Crays,
David Percy Jones,
William P. Roberts,
James O. Pierce.

## JOHN A. RAWLINS POST.

The grim bugler has again sounded "*taps*" to a member of John A. Rawlins Post. Heaven's reveille, sounding in the ear of our well-beloved comrade, Charles H. Woods, has summoned him from earth to immortality.

We have stood beside his bier, dropped tears to his memory, and in sympathy with the loving companion of his life in her great sorrow, and we now desire to spread upon our records a brief testimonial of our respect and love for the manly life and noble character of our late comrade.

Charles H. Woods was not, in the ordinary sense of the term, a great man; he was more than this; he was wise, honest and just; pre-eminently a *good* man.

It would have mattered little in what age he might have been born, in what country he might have lived, of what civilization he might have been a part, or of what faith he might have been a devotee; in any environment, and under all circumstances, the spirit of Charles H. Woods would have impressed itself upon his fellows as full of abiding loyalty to country and boundless love for humanity.

It is no marvel then, that in his young manhood Charles H. Woods was found in the uniform of a citizen soldier, fighting for the cause of self-govern-

ment and human rights. He enlisted and he fought—not for glory, nor rank, nor power—but from a high sense of duty. No stain tarnished his military record, and when at the close of his service he put off the military uniform and returned to civil life, it was with no assumption that his military services had earned him any immunity from his duty as a citizen of the republic. He never forgot his duty to be a good citizen, and for more than a third of a century he lived in this city of his adoption a noble, manly, patriotic and blameless life. He enjoyed in the highest degree the love, respect and confidence of the bench and bar of this state. Fidelity to his client, integrity to the court, and courtesy to his opponent, were the marked characteristics of his professional career.

His pathway in life was illumined by his delightful humor, which not only rendered cheerful his own life, but also left its impress upon all with whom he came in contact. The world was not only better, but happier because of the life of Charles H. Woods.

As a testimonial of the love and respect we bore him, let this brief tribute be spread upon our records, and a copy thereof, duly engrossed, transmitted in loving sympathy to her who is chief mourner.

Respectfully submitted,

HENRY G. HICKS,
DANIEL FISH,
HENRY A. NORTON,
JAMES CRAYS,
CHAS. M. HANSON,
} *Committee.*

Comrade James Crays:

*Comrades of Rawlins Post:*—It was my good fortune to have an intimate acquaintance with comrade Charles H. Woods for many years. As he was well known to most of those present, and the records of the Post bear a fitting tribute to his memory, it seems unnecessary to relate the details of his life or life-work. But in this memorial meeting I would bring my word of tribute also, and I can do no less than to drop this flower on his grave to aid in keeping his memory green.

Mr. Woods was born in New Hampshire sixty-three years ago. His father was a sturdy Congregational minister of that time, and his early life was passed under an influence calculated to implant the fundamental principles on which strong, useful and beneficent lives are based.

When the call for additional volunteers came, in 1862, our comrade, moved by the true spirit of patriotism, engaged actively in raising a company in the 16th New Hampshire volunteers, and was made its captain. His regiment served mostly in Louisiana, and, though not engaged in many noted battles, it performed the kind of service and endured the kind of hardships which comrades look back upon as the most trying, and when his regiment was discharged, on expiration of its term of enlistment, it came north, broken and shattered by disease and exposure incident

to the locality, and the kind of campaigning in which it had been engaged.

Before leaving for the front with his regiment, he was married to Miss Carrie C. Rice, of Brookfield, Vermont, and soon after the close of the war they sought a home in the west. Comrade Woods has been a citizen of Minneapolis for thirty-three years, and it is here we came to know him in the various relations of life.

In the home we found him hospitable, generous, kind, always ready to cheerfully give time to the entertainment of friends. He was especially cordial towards those who moved in the more humble walks of life. He has repeatedly said to me, that he took great pleasure in entertaining in his home those who, owing to their circumstances, had few invitations to the better class of homes.

For many years he was an active member of Plymouth church—one of its polished pillars—who always, cheerfully and graciously, helped to bear its burdens. Generous in his support, he was wise in council, discreet, tactful, well established in his views on questions of faith and practice, and at the same time tolerant and considerate of the opinions of others.

As a citizen he was public-spirited, interested in the welfare of the city and state, never seeking office, but willing to serve the public when called upon by the people. On all important questions he was disposed

to withhold an opinion until he had carefully considered all sides, but when a decision was reached he was always found on the side of right and justice. And this characteristic of reserve in expressing an opinion was quite as noticeable in the consideration of questions of less importance, but his judgment, when given, was almost invariably the right one.

The value of such a life in any community is beyond measure. By that indescribable, undefinable *something*, called influence, it imparts inspiration and gives an uplift to every life it touches.

We shall miss this comrade from the various places we have these many years been accustomed to meet him, but we shall cherish his memory with the deepest respect and love. Let us be glad in our sorrow that we have had the privilege of knowing such a noble comrade and friend.

## YOUNG MENS' CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

TRIBUTE BY THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

In the Providence of our Heavenly Father, our friend and brother, Charles H. Woods, has been called from the scenes of his trials and labors here among us, to the realms of unlimited peace and joy and growth. The Young Men's Christian Association, of Minneapolis, recalls with pleasant reflections the faithful and earnest devotion that led our brother to work for the upbuilding of the young men of our city. He was ever ready and willing to contribute liberally of his time, his talents and his means to assist young men in their physical, intellectual and spiritual betterment.

It is with heartfelt sorrow that we mourn the loss of our brother whose wise counsels were always given for the highest interests of our Association. His love for this chosen work, his steadfast desire to lighten the burdens of others, his prompt assistance in times of urgent need, have ever been a source of encouragement to all who have been privileged to work by his side.

To his beloved and bereaved wife we desire to express our sincere sympathy in this her greatest

loss, believing that her consolation will be in the assurance that it will be his greatest gain.

Very sincerely,

ISAAC C. SEELEY,
JOHN R. GORDON,
CHARLES I. FULLER,
} *Committee*

Minneapolis, April 21st, 1899.

## THE CONGREGATIONAL CLUB.

The Congregational Club of Minnesota, gathered for its April meeting, desires to express and record its clear and profound sense of the loss which it sustains, in common with all other congregational interests in church and city and state, in the sudden death of our brother, Charles H. Woods, of Plymouth church.

As a man of great breadth and strength of character; as a lawyer careful, competent, true and wise; as a member of the church always deeply interested in her welfare; as a Christian most gentle in spirit, and most exemplary in life; as a friend genial and lovable, and always approachable, his taking away is a loss to our club not easily measured, and which we cannot adequately express.

While we congratulate our brother upon coming so quickly to the bound of life, where we lay down the burden and take up the crown, and his entrance into the blessed life, we sorrow because we shall miss his presence at our social gatherings, and literary feasts.

We beg the privilege of expressing to his beloved wife, Mrs. Charles H. Woods, our sincerest sympa-

thy in her great loss, which we know no words can portray, and of commending her to the tender sympathy of the God of all comfort.

S. V. S. FISHER,
JOHN T. BAXTER, } *Committee.*

Unanimously adopted April 24th, 1899.

EDWARD F. WAITE,
Secretary.

## MINNEAPOLIS TRUST COMPANY.

Minneapolis, Minn.,
April 27th, 1899.

My Dear Mrs. Woods:—

At a Meeting of the executive committee of the company, held yesterday afternoon, the following resolution was offered by Mr. J. B. Atwater:

*Resolved*, That the directors of the Minneapolis Trust Company do hereby express their deep regret at the recent death of Charles H. Woods, one of the members of their board.

During his connection with the company, his sound business judgment, his wise and conservative counsels, his innate uprightness of character, have made his services invaluable to the corporation: and his unfailing courtesy and cordiality, and his ever present kindness and generosity of spirit, have endeared him personally to his associates.

The directors cannot express too strongly their appreciation of the great loss which the company, as a corporation, and they, as individuals, have sustained in his death, and they extend their sincerest sympathy to his widow in her bereavement.

This was seconded by Mr. E. C. Cooke and unanimously adopted, ordered spread upon the minutes,

and the assistant secretary was instructed to send a copy of the resolution to you.

Most sincerely,

ROBT. W. WEBB,
Assistant Secretary.

## RESOLUTION OF THE
## MINNEAPOLIS BOARD OF PARK COMMISSIONERS.

*Whereas*, A vacancy has been caused in the membership of this board by the death of the Honorable Charles H. Woods; and

*Whereas*, The board is deeply sensible of the loss thus occasioned to the city by the removal of a highly intelligent, trustworthy and public spirited citizen and official; therefore

*Be it resolved*, That this board, sharing in the general sorrow over the decease of Judge Woods, takes this means of expressing its regret for the departure of a colleague whose devotion to the work of the board and whose excellent taste, sound judgment and high personal character had endeared him to all its members; and

*Be it further resolved*, That these resolutions be spread upon the records and an engrossed copy presented to the family of the deceased.

WILLIAM W. FOLWELL,
JAMES GRAY,
A. S. ADAMS,
} *Committee.*

Adopted.

# Tributes.

By W. S. PATTEE,

Dean of the Law School of the University of Minnesota.

CHARLES H. WOODS was a man of pure, sincere, and noble character. Rarely a person, at death, leaves behind him in the memory of friends, a mental picture of himself so symmetrical in form, so rich in varied virtues, and so confirmed in its moral and spiritual uprightness. When we summon before the mind the image of him, whom our eyes once looked upon, it is difficult, if not impossible, to discover a single moral blemish. Endowed with a calm and equable temperament, he was deliberate in judgment and judicious in action, being seldom, if ever, betrayed into ill-advised utterances or conduct. Inheriting, also, a constitutional disposition at once amiable and sensitive to moral influences, he began his career in life with that moral foundation necessary to the highest type of moral character.

To his native endowments of temper and spirit there was early added the enriching possession of Christian love. The tranquilizing and ennobling spirit of the Master seemed to permeate all the native powers of his soul. He loved his fellow men. To help them was his controlling and dominant purpose.

In loving his neighbor as himself he knew that he was loving God. With him, service to the child was service to the Father. His soul craved perfection for itself and for all mankind. Self-forgetful and self-renouncing, his spirit embraced every opportunity to advance the moral and spiritual interests of his fellow men. So long and constantly had the principle of love dominated his spiritual energies, that his character seemed to have taken on, long before his death, that "fatal set" which is the glorious consummation of spiritual struggle and repeated victories. By this principle, all the powers and impulses of his nature were regulated and brought into their proper relation to the highest and noblest energies of his spiritual being.

Possessed of a Christian character he was necessarily a *sincere* man. What he really was found expression in what he did. His conduct made no false reports respecting his convictions or purposes. So perfect was the harmony between his inward spirit and his outward action that dissimulation at no point marred his beautiful character. As the golden gods on Achille's shield were pure gold throughout the entire mass, so the character of this good man was sincere throughout its entire being.

The nobility of his character was further exemplified by the perfect *veracity* that distinguished all his utterances. His statements conformed to the facts

as he perceived them. To mislead or delude by word of mouth was so repugnant to his sincere and sensitive soul, that deceit was for him practically impossible. What he said in seriousness was an unexaggerated expression of what he thought and felt.

But, perhaps, the strength and loftiness of his character was nowhere else more clearly revealed than in his grand conceptions and keen sense of justice. With all his other virtues, he was a *just* man. He was both subjectively and objectively just. He would see justice prevail in the external relations of mankind, and, whether that could be secured or not, he would give everyone his due in thought and wish. Recognizing that all men are embraced within a moral system, and that all are equally entitled to unselfish service, he observed the fact that love and justice are but different aspects of the same great law. To render unto everyone his due was to him as truly religious as praying or preaching. That distorted conception of justice, which, a half century ago, made it the ruling principle in the Divine nature, and, at the same time, set it in opposition and antagonism to love, found no place in his mind. His character was not deformed by any of those half truths which too often issue in fanaticism.

But, finally, *conscientiousness* was one of the most pronounced features of his character. He possessed high and correct ideals as to what he should be, and

how he should conduct himself. To attain these ideals was to him a duty. Conscience commanded their attainment; and here, within the secret realm of his inner life, he was so true to himself that, as a result of conscientious struggles, he gave us as a priceless legacy that character, so loving, sincere, veracious, just and conscientious, that it will be for all time a source of encouragement and inspiration.

But the analysis of our friend's character would be sadly incomplete were we to omit the pure and genuine humor that added such a charm to his conversation, and made his companionship so delightful to those especially who knew him well. As the petals and other substantial parts of the rose are bathed in a natural but invisible perfume, ever emitted to the delight of those who approach this queen of flowers, so the sincerity, justness, and other sterner elements of our friend's inspiring character were bathed in the charming perfume of a chaste and genial humor, which enlivened all he said and imparted a delight to those who enjoyed his acquaintance and fellowship.

Like all his other gifts of mind and heart this, too, was ever enlisted in an effort to promote the happiness of his friends and fellow men, and never to work their discomfort for his own amusement and delight. His was a kindly humor that ever emitted a pleasing and never a pungent perfume; it amused but never

stung, it delighted but never embarrassed, it cheered but never humiliated his companions.

The value of such a beautiful character in its effect upon mankind can no more be estimated than the value of a summer shower upon the thirsty fields of drooping grain. It was valuable for what it inspired others to do, and equally so in what it inspired them to shun. It inspired all who knew him to shun censoriousness. He was free from ill-will, harsh and severe criticisms and groundless suspicions which deform so many souls that truly crave and struggle for a perfect life. He lived above these harmful but common temptations, and often gave a kind rebuke to those that indulged in them by maintaining a dignified, a thoughtful, and an impressive silence. Such a character can never be promotive of evil, but for all time it will work on, elevating the minds and hearts of those who have had a glimpse of its dignity, its symmetry, and its beauty.

By JOHN M. PARKER.

Fitzwilliam, N. H.,
Oct. 25, 1899.

Dear Mrs. Woods:—

It was very kind in you to send me a copy of the sermon delivered in Plymouth church, on the life and character of Charles. My time has been so fully occupied this summer that I could not write you at length, and I did not wish to write you in any other way, as I wished to give you some account of his youth and early manhood, which I thought might not be altogether uninteresting to you. As you know, we were intimate friends some years before you saw him.

I think you told me once you never saw his father. He was a type of the New England Puritan, as tradition has handed him down to us. Somewhat austere, reserved, "a man of many silences and much suspense." When he spoke he meant exactly what he said, rarely indulging in compliment and never in flattery. An amusing instance of this happened when Charles was in the twenties. At that time, every winter, we had a series of educational meetings in the different school districts in the towns. A lecture, or essay, was prepared by some one on some educational topic, and at the close a discussion occurred on the

topic of the lecture, generally participated in by those who were interested in educational matters. Now, Charles was intellectually head and shoulders above the rest of us, and when he spoke he had something to say. On this occasion he was unusually interesting. The old gentleman was present and took it all in. The next day, at the Post Office, some one asked Mr. Woods who spoke at the meeting last night. "Well," said Mr. Woods, "Dr. Cummings spoke, Mr. Allen spoke, Mr. Kendall spoke, and Charles spoke, and spoke very well, too." Charles laughed when this was told him, as he said it was the only compliment his father had ever paid him. Like the school of theologians to which he belonged, he considered life's duties and not its pleasures its object and end. And while I think he was not entirely devoid of humor, I never heard him indulge in it. Charles inherited his intellectual traits, but his cheerful disposition and gentler qualities must have come from his mother.

It was in the early fifties that we first became acquainted—the golden age of American literature. Evangeline had been written a few years before, Hiawatha had just been published, Emerson was writing some of his best essays, and Hawthorne had electrified literary America by the publication of the Scarlet Letter. The Atlantic Monthly had just begun to make its way under the editorship of Lowell. Holmes

had just commenced that series of papers, "The Autocrat and the Professor," that gave him his first reputation. I remember with what pleasure Charles used to discuss with me the merits of these. One day he said to me, after reading the latest number, "You ought to read how the autocrat made love to the school mistress; it is a perfect gem." You doubtless will remember the passage about "the long path," etc. He was greatly interested, also, in "The Recreations of a Country Parson," which was much read at that time. Following "The Professor" came the story of "Elsie Venner." The best criticism upon this novel is by the old lady who told Dr. Holmes that "she thought it a kind of medicated story." Although but little read now, it occasioned as much comment as Robert Elsmere has in recent years. We read it together while it was coming out as a serial. His comments were very apt. "I can't forgive Holmes," he said one day, "for not having Bernard Langdon marry Helen Darley." He read to me the account of Elsie's death, saying, "How many times I have heard people count the strokes of the bell, asking the same questions."

His father was living here while Charles was in Williams College. When he came home on his first vacation, I asked him what he saw in college that impressed him most. He replied, "Mark (Mark Hopkins) the perfect man and behold the upright." I

don't know whether it was original with him or not, but was it not pat? By a singular coincidence your pastor used the same words for the text of his discourse. Garfield in a famous anecdote has left on record the obligation he felt to his old teacher. I think he made the same impression on Charles. He was fond of quoting to me passages from President Hopkins' baccalaureate sermons, one of which I shall always remember. It occurs at the close of one of the best of them, where he speaks of how a drop of water, falling on the summit of the Andes, may by a breath of air find its way to the stormy Atlantic or the mild Pacific, and how the student, as he is about to go forth in life's struggle, is standing on a "moral Andes, where the smallest circumstance may determine whether his life shall be cast in those stormy seas whose waters cast up mire and dirt, or on that peaceful ocean where sleep the isles of the blest." I think Hopkins' discourses have been published. If they are accessible to you, please get them and read this passage.

He was an excellent Latin scholar. Sometime after this, when I went to Exeter Academy and acquired a little knowledge of the language, I learned how correct was his taste and accurate his scholarship. He was especially fond of the Odes of Horace, two of which he used to repeat to me, the one commencing, "*Exegi monumentum aere perennius*," the other where

occurs the passage, "*Fortuna saevo laeta negotii.*" The translation runs as follows: "Fortune, happy in the execution of her cruel office, and persistent to follow her insolent game, changes uncertain honors, now to me and by and by to another indulgent. I praise her while she abides by me (*laudo manentem*), but if she move her fleet wings, I resign what she bestows, and wrapping the mantle of mine integrity about me will court honest poverty without a portion."

He was the best story teller I ever knew. No one had a keener sense of the humorous side of life. I think he could make anyone laugh if he tried hard. He often invited me to spend the night with him. Before retiring, sitting by the fire, he would entertain us with stories and anecdotes, Mrs. Woods and I generally listening while Charles and his father gave us the talk—and such a talk—stories of old Newport life and characters. I never saw one of them, but their whole physical and mental makeup was as clear to me in my mind's eye as was that of Coleridge, after reading that famous chapter about him in Carlyle's life of John Sterling. He used to try to get the old gentleman to laugh—no easy task when you knew his mental habits—so he used to ply him with humorous stories till his father had to give in. Then Charles would turn to me with a sly wink, as much as to say, "I brought him." The story that "brought him" on one occasion was about the old sea

captain who bought a farm somewhere near Newport, and could not succeed in mowing because there were so many "land swells." Did you ever hear him tell it?

In July, 1861, he and I took a carriage drive to Newport. The war cloud was glooming over the whole land. At Gilsum Hotel, where we stopped for dinner, I got into a heated discussion about the merits of the war with the landlord, who was a terrible copperhead. He was so bitterly disloyal that I could not refrain from giving him a few lessons in the first elements of patriotism. Charles sat by, hearing it all but saying nothing. After we got on to the road again, he said to me, "He deserved all you said, but you will find, I think, as you go on in life, that the worst man to talk with is an ill-tempered, ignorant man. After all," he said, "there is little made by argument; you can't convince a man by combatting him." I have never forgotten it. We had a delightful visit at Newport. At Unity Springs I first saw you. I remember how attractive you seemed to me. Perhaps I was more interested because I thought at some time you might become his wife. Shortly after this I enlisted and went to the front, as some months after he did, where I am afraid he contracted the seeds of the disease from which he never recovered.

Excuse this long letter. It may contain some things that will interest you, and it will certainly convey to you the sense of obligation I felt to him for

giving me the moral and mental stimulus he did. For I count it as one of the crowning events of my life that he was my friend and companion in the days of my youth and early manhood, and that it occurred at the time it did in this century, when the man of letters and not the millionaire was supreme, and lessons of the highest patriotism were imparted in our country's great struggle for freedom.

Sincerely your friend,

John M. Parker.

By J. R. K.

The tributes to the memory of Charles H. Woods, contained in these pages, evidence the many-sidedness of his character. To some he is the soldier, loyal to his country, faithful to comrade, obedient to duty; to others, the citizen, public spirited, but modest, not seeking office or honor, but discharging with fidelity every responsibility of citizenship and every official trust bestowed. To the members of the bar he is the lawyer, logical in thought, clear in statement, patient and thorough in investigation, clear and cool in judgment, wise for counsel, a lawyer of ever increasing breadth, who saw the large side of things and despised the mean and petty. In the church he is the broad-minded, consistent Christian, bearing his own and others burdens with cheerfulness inspiring to all about him. But to those who came close to him, the memory most fragrant and lasting is that of the friend. His was a nature that craved friendships and found them. Few men had so many and such friends as he. To whom he gave his friendship he gave ungrudgingly—not riches nor talents were necessary to command it. He exacted little in return—only that a man should have high ideals and be true to them.

With the flippant or the frivolous, the mean or the sordid, he had little patience, and in a friend's dishonor he seemed to feel his own. Among his friends he was at his best. How fondly one recalls the hours in the office or in the home when he gave full play to that sense of humor which was so strong a characteristic. He never forgot a good story, and enjoyed the telling as much as his friends did the hearing of it. When he had been away they looked for his home-coming with assurance that a fund of new and enjoyable experiences would be opened to them. Through him the New Hampshire farmer, the negro of the south, or the London shopkeeper, told his own story in his own way, while in the every-day occurrences of life he never failed to see the ridiculous side of things and to make such use of it as befitted the occasion. His fun was wholesome and sweet, and he was himself quite as often the victim of it as anyone else. In the early nineties he attended a re-union of his regiment at Weirs, N. H., and found himself the only member present from Co. F., of which he was captain. "Imagine my embarrassment," he wrote, "when Company F was ordered to form a hollow square." But his pleasantries were only the ripples on the surface of a stream which carried along in its deeper current the best interests of those to whom he gave himself. In times of sorrow their bereavement was his, in times of distress his purse was

theirs. Young men and young women have reason to thank him for a musical or a university education, and those to whom in early days he was under obligations know how fully and how gladly he discharged them. And so it is not strange that to that sick room, from November to April, there came such a returning tide of friendliness and love as few men live to experience; to him and to her who shared it with him, and to all who saw it, a cherished benediction.

J. R. K.

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